The Canadian Champion

VOLUME 44. MILTON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1904. No. 8.

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Milton: Wm. Paxton	Friday, 8th.	11	13	8	Friday, 9th	11	13	10.30 a.m.
Oakville: Chas. Applegath	Tuesday, 5th.	8	10	12	Wed., 7th	9	10	10.30 a.m.
Georgetown: John Grant	Wednesday, 6th.	9	11	13	Thur., 8th	10	11	10.30 a.m.
Acton: D. McLachlin	Saturday, 9th.	12	14	9	Sat., 10th	12	12	2.30 p.m.
Campbellville: Mat. McAdam	Monday, 4th.	7	9	11	Tues., 6th	7	9	11 a.m.
Burlington: James Robinson								

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 14th June and 8th December.

County Court for Division Court business, every Tuesday, at 11 a.m., except when a Jury is in attendance, and then the next day thereafter.

Court of Revision and Appeal for Assessments, 2nd Tuesday in January, 4th April, 4th July and 4th October.

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By Order,

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Clerk of the Peace.

E. & J. HARDY & CO.

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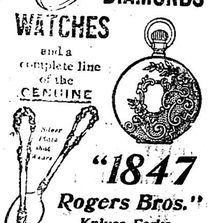

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The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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As the barouche drove up to the brick house he made out through the trees a retreative flutter of skirts on the porch, and the thought crossed his mind that Minnie had flown indoors to give some final directions toward the preparation of the banquet. But when the barouche halted at the gate he was surprised to see her waving to him from the steps, while Tom Meredith and Mr. Bence and Mr. Boswell formed a little court around her. Lige Willetts rode up on horseback at the same moment, and the judge was waiting in front of the gate. Harkless stepped out of the barouche and took his hand. "I was told young Fisbee was here."

"Young Fisbee is here," said the judge.

Mr. Fisbee came around the corner of the house and went toward Harkless. "Fisbee," cried the latter, "where is your nephew?"

The old man took his hand in both his own and looked him between the eyes and thus stood while there was a long pause, the others watching them. "You must not say that I told you," he said at last. "Go into the garden."

But when Harkless' step crunched the garden there was no one there. Asters were blooming in beds between the green rosebushes, and their many fingered hands were flung open in wide surprise that he should expect to find young Fisbee there. It was just before sunset. Birds were gossiping in the sycamores on the bank. At the foot of the garden, near the creek, there were some tall hydrangea bushes, flower laden, and beyond them one broad shaft of sun smote the creek bends for a mile in that flat land and crossed the garden like a bright, taut drawn veil. Harkless passed the bushes and stepped out into this gold brilliance. Then he uttered a cry and stopped. Helen was standing beside the hydrangeas with both hands pressed to her face and her eyes cast on the ground. She had run away as far as she could run. There were high fences extending down to the creek on each side, and the water was beyond.

"You!" he said. "You! You!"

She did not lift her eyes, but began to move away from him with little backward steps. When she reached the bench on the bank she spoke with a quick intake of breath and in a voice he almost failed to hear, the merest whisper, and her words came so slowly that sometimes minutes separated them. "Can you—will you keep me—on the Herald?"

"Keep you"—

He came near her. "I don't understand. Is it you—you—who are here again?"

"Have you forgiven me? You know—now—why I wouldn't resign? You forgive my—that telegram?"

"What telegram?"

"The one that came to you—this morning."

"Your telegram?"

"Yes."

"Did you send me one?"

"Yes."

"It did not come to me."

"Yes—it did."

"But—what was it about?"

"It was signed," she said; "it was signed"— She paused and turned half away, not lifting the downcast lashes. Her hand, resting upon the back of the bench, was shaking. She put it behind her. Then her eyes were lifted a little, and, though they did not meet his, he saw them, and a glory sprang into being in his heart. Her voice fell still lower, and two heavy tears rolled down her cheeks. "It was signed," she whispered, "it was signed—'H. Fisbee.'"

He began to tremble from head to foot. There was a long silence. She had turned full away from him. When he spoke his voice was as low as hers, and he spoke as slowly as she had. "You mean—then—then it was—you?"

"Yes."

"You!"

"Yes."

"And you—you have—you have been here all the time?"

"All—all except the week—you were—hurt."

The bright veil that wrapped them was drawn away, and they stood in the quiet, gathering dusk. He tried to loosen his neckband; it seemed to be choking him. "I—I can't—I don't comprehend it. I am trying to realize what it all means."

"It means nothing," she answered. "There was an editorial yesterday," he said, "an editorial that I thought was about Rodney McCune. Did you write it?"

"Yes."

"It was about—me—wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"It said—it said that—that I had won the—the—love of every person in Carlow county."

Suddenly she found her voice. "Do not misunderstand me," she said rapidly. "I have done the little that I have done out of gratitude." She faced him now, but without meeting his eyes. "I owed you more gratitude than a woman ever owed a man before, I think, and I would have died to pay a part of it."

"What gratitude did you owe me?"

"What gratitude? For what you did for my father."

"I have never seen your father in my life."

"Listen. My father is a gentle old man with white hair and kind eyes. My name is my uncle's. He and my aunt have been good to me as a father and mother since I was seven years old, and they gave me their name by law, and I lived with them. My father came to see me once a year; I never came to see him. He always told me everything was well with him, that his life was happy, and I thought it was easier for him not having me to take care of, he has been so poor ever since I was a child. Once he lost the little he had left to him in the world, his only way of making his living. He had no friends; he was hungry and desperate, and he wandered. I was dancing and going about wearing jewels—only I did not know. All the time the brave heart wrote me happy letters. I should have known, for there was one who did and who saved him. When at last I came to see my father he told me—he had written of his idol before, but it was not till I came that he told it all to me. Do you know what I felt? While his daughter was dancing cotillions a stranger had taken his hand and—and"— A sob rose in her throat and checked her utterance for a moment, but she threw up her head proudly. "Gratitude, Mr. Harkless!" she cried. "I am James Fisbee's daughter!"

He fell back from the bench with a sharp exclamation and stared at her through the gray twilight. She went on hurriedly, still not looking at him. "I wanted to do something to show you that I could be ashamed of my vile neglect of him—something to show you his daughter could be grateful—and it has been such dear, happy work, the little I have done, that it seems, after all, that I have done it for love of myself. It is what I had always wanted to do—to earn a living for myself, to live with my father. When I came here, my aunt and uncle were terribly afraid I would stay with him. It was to prevent this that they determined to go abroad, and my father said I must go back to them. Then you were—were hurt, and he needed me so much he let me stay. When you—when you told me"—she broke off with a strange, fluttering, half inarticulate little laugh that was half tears and then resumed in another tone—"when you told me you cared that night that night of the storm—how could I be sure? It had been only two days, you see, and even if I could have been sure of myself—why, I couldn't have told you. Oh, I had so brazenly thrown myself at your head time and again those two days in my—my worship of your goodness to my father and my excitement in recognizing in his friend the hero of my girlhood that you had every right to think I cared; but if—but if I had—if I had—loved you with my whole soul I could not have—why, no woman could have—I mean the sort of girl I am—couldn't have admitted it—must have denied it. Do you think that then I could have answered 'Yes,' even if I had wanted to—even if I had been sure of myself? And now"— Her voice sank again to a whisper. "And now"—

"And now?" he said tremulously. She gave a hurried glance from right to left and from left to right, like one in terror seeking a way of escape; she gathered her skirts in her hand as if to run into the garden, but suddenly she turned and ran to him. She threw her arms about his neck and kissed him on the forehead.

When they heard the judge calling from the orchard they went back through the garden toward the house. It was dark. The whitest asters were but gray splotches. There was no one in the orchard. Briscoe had gone indoors.

"Did you know you are to drive me into town in the phaeton for the fireworks?" she asked.

"Fireworks?"

"Yes. The great Harkless has come home." Even in the darkness he could see the look the vision had given him when the barouche turned into the square. She smiled upon him and said, "All afternoon I was wishing I could have been your mother."

He clasped her hand more tightly. "This wonderful world!" he cried. "Yesterday I had a doctor—a doctor to cure me of lovesickness!"

After a time they had proceeded a little nearer the house. "We must hurry," she said. "I am sure they have been waiting for us." This was true; they had.

From the dining room came laughter and hearty voices, and the windows were bright with the light of many lamps. By and by they stood just outside the patch of light that fell from one of the windows.

"Look!" said Helen. "Aren't they good, dear people?"

"The beautiful people!" he answered.

THE END.

"You!" he said. "You!"

My Lady Peggy Goes to Town

By FRANCES AYMAR MATHEWS

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CHAPTER I.

KENNASTON castle lies in Surrey. The Earl of Exham is master of the picturesque old pile and of the estate and decidedly the slave of the very considerable number of debts which were up to his lordship's ears when he came of age, some four and fifty years ago, and by this time have reached almost to the crown of his head. He is also father to his son and heir, Kennaston of Kennaston, and to the heir's tall twin, my Lady Peggy.

My Lady Peggy at this particular moment sits a-swinging on the top branch of a plum tree at the foot of the kitchen garden, whence she commands a tolerable view of the highway.

"Impertinent sun!" cries Peggy, shading her handsome eyes with her hand as she stares off along the dusty road. "How is't you dare shine when there's no fine gentleman a-coming from the east, no gallant with disheveled locks, powdered shoulders, disordered mien, distracted looks, spurs a-digging into his beast, lips apart, heart beating like spent rabbit's and 'Peggy, lovely Peggy,' the clapper to his eager tongue at every jolt of his saddle, every rut of his way? Go cloud yourself, I say, since Sir Percy tarries. I'd have the skies weep, even if I can't." A peal of merriest laughter concludes this sally, and an aproufol of plums comes tumbling down all over the other young woman who stands under the tree in waiting on her mistress.

"Is his lordship not yet in sight, my lady?" asks this one.

"Nay; that is not he, Chockey, and, whisk me, but when his lordship does come he'll find a very sorry entertainment. I swear, as dad says, I'll not see him when he does appear; that will not I. Nay; shake not your head, girl. Is't not true that Lady Peggy had once a lover?"

"'Twere truer say a dozen of that sort of gentry, madam," replies the buxom Chockey as she sorts the plums, the best in her bonnet, the flaws over the wall, where the chickens and hens cackle to the refuse.

"Well, well, twenty, if you like, but one more favored than the rest—the properest sort of man at saddle, gun, line, wrestle, toast, song or dance; honest, straightforward, beautiful as dad says the angels are he saw painted on the walls at Rome. Speak I truth, eh, Chockey?"

"Madam, that you do."

"And this paragon so worshiped his Peggy as when she went off a three months since to visit her godmother in Kent he vowed by all the saints in the calendar he'd scarce survive until her return. False or true, eh, Chockey?"

My Lady Peggy punctuated this query by an accurate aim and hit on the top of her waiting woman's head, with an especially large plum.

"True, madam," dodging the fruit and still with an eye on the road.

"And then back comes my Lady Peggy, cutting short her stay in Kent, where she had much pleasure, to tell the truth, in the society of a very fine young nobleman."

"Lawk, madam! Another?" interrupted the faithful Chockey.

"Another, Chock," vouchsafes her mistress. "Sweet, sweet Sir Robin McTart!"

"Oh, my lady!" cries the girl, vainly endeavoring to conceal a smile.

"Aye, Chock," proceeds Peggy, "I say again, a sweet and most entrapping young man."

"Madam, a squint eye, a wry nose, an underlip that hangs, a pair of fox teeth and a chin that's gone a-huntin' for his throat!"

"Tut, tut, Chock!" laughs Lady Peggy, leaning back in her leafy bower. "What's all that to a nimble wit, a galloping conversation and a faithful heart?" Lady Peggy's tone is as light as the May breeze blowing her soft locks about her lovely, blooming face, full of mockery, witchery—and then a bit of a sigh, low as flowers' whispers, and up with her drooped head higher than before, as in the half mannish tone her twinship and long playfellowship with her brother have given her, she adds curtly:

"D'ye see aught coming yet, Chock?"

"No, my lady, not yet," answers the girl ruefully.

Peggy bites her lips until they hurt.

"As I was a-saying, Chock, your mistress cuts short her visit, sends word to her lover she'll be home o' Thursday, and, as I live, today's the Monday after, and him still on the way! See him!" Peggy's white teeth close tight and her eyes flash and her little hands clinch. "Not I! Let him come now and he goes again faster than he ever traveled. The vain coxcomb! The deceitful, cozening, graceless puppet! He'll ne'er set eyes on her he used to call his Peg again or I die for't!" And Peggy jumped to the ground.

"Madam, madam!" exclaims Chockey, pointing joyfully to a cloud of dust far up the highway. "Look! Yonder comes Sir Percy! Don't I know? Ain't I watched his long roan any day this twelvemonth a-turnin' by the lodge?"

Lady Peggy seizes Chockey's arm and runs breathless to the house, in a-scrambling up the broad stairs to her chamber, a-pulling out of drawers from their chests, a-hunting of ribbons and fallals, combs, brushes, kerchiefs, perfumes, patches, powder, whatever else besides.

"Hurry, Chock! Do my hair as he likes it!" urges Lady Peggy.

"Lawk, madam! I thought you swore just now you'd never set eyes on Sir Percy again?"

"You thought! Bless you, Chock, never be a-wasting your time a-thinking where a woman's concerned. When her heart steps up and lays hold the reins the steed gallops to the goal. She's always time to think after she's acted."

"Yes, madam," concurs Chockey, with a mental reservation back of her mouthful of pins. "There, my lady, your ladyship's hair is lovely, your Levantine gown becomes you like a pheasant do its plumage, and your eyes is a-shinin' with love and"—

"Tut, girl! It's anger, wrath, temper—so!" Peggy marches up and down before the mirror, tossing her lovely head. "Thus attired, Chock, a lady can flout, deride, harass and madden one of the opposite sex as can she not do in cotton frock and fruit stained apron. Give me my comfit box, I pray. Tell me how long Sir Percy now hath been cooling his heels in the drawing room?"

"But little lacking the hour, madam."

"Good! I'd keep him there until Thursday an I could. Now go tell him I'll be with him presently."

Chockey went.

Lady Peggy stood at the door ajar. She heard the impatient footsteps of her lover below, but yet she tarried, tapping her high red heel on the sill.

"Lud!" cried she. "An I show no proper spirit, Percy's uncle 'll have the right of it when he says of one he's never seen yet: 'She's a-hunting your bank notes, boy! She's heiress to debts, sir, and by my life, sir, I'll never father-in-law her so long as I'm above the sod, sir!' Despicable old wretch! As if 'twere not Percy I adored, without a care if he have a farthing to his fortune or a roof to his head!"

And then Chockey, her palm warm with a sovereign, came with a rush.

"My lady," cries she, "'f you could see Sir Percy! White as milk, tremblin', shakin', chatterin', a-beggin' and a-prayin' as you'll condescend to go to him inside of another hour!"

"White, said you, Chock?"

The girl nods vehemently.

"Shaking?"

"Aye, madam."

"Like to faint, think you?"

"Like to die, my lady."

Then Lady Peggy, laughing, humming such a gay snatch of a song, comes tripping down the stairs, pulling out her petticoats, stopping her lover's outstretched arms of eagerness with such a splendid courtesy as any court lady might have envied.

Still laughing, "Lud, Sir Percy, is't you?" amazed.

"Aye," returns he, more amazed than she, and standing off with dropped arms. "Whom did you think it was?"

"Another. My woman's stupid, and when she described the gallant that she did it matched a different sort of him than you, methinks. However, let's be civil. The crops are good, the game likely to be later; the king in health. Prithee, have a chair." And Peggy swept a second courtesy, motioning toward a seat.

"Peggy, sweet lips, joy of my soul, what's it? Not one warm word for him who only lives for thee? Who's counted every hour since he parted from you, eh?" The young man draws nearer to her and bends upon his knee, venturing as he does so to take her hand in his.

"Since you spent your time a-counting the hours, sir, pray you, how many hours have passed since in this same room we parted, now three months, three weeks and a few days since?"

Sir Percy sprang to his feet.

"Zounds, Peggy, and you flout me so!"

"Zounds, Sir Percy, did not I write you—and very well you know writing's not my forte—that I'd be home o' Thursday?"

"Lud, Sir Percy, is't you?"

"Aye, but I never got it until this morning. Then did I put spurs and leave my uncle in the lurch to fly to you."

"What, sir! Not get my letter? An idle, silly and foolish excuse. I sent it by Bickers, and trustier man ne'er breathed. He vowed me he'd put it in your hands."

"Peggy, believe whichever of the two you like, but in mercy tell me what kept you so long away? I've heard rumors of another. Eh, Peg, 'tis not true, swear me 'tis not true? Oh, by the hue of my visage must you know what jealous pangs have racked me!"

Lady Peggy nods her head maliciously.

"Jealous pangs, forsooth! And you thought to medicine them, I dare be sworn, with vaulting the country over in the wake of Lady Diana Weston, the greatest heiress in the market! Bab, sir, and you've heard rumors! I'll match 'em. I've seen the minx from afar. She is handsome, sir. Your taste does you credit."

"Peg, I swear 'twas but to please my uncle!" cries Sir Percy.

"Aye, and so displease me!"

"Nay; you know too well that I'll never do that of my will. But my uncle, as I've told you, must be coaxed, and then when once I gain his consent to seeing you our battle's won. To see thee, Peg, 's to worship thee! Lord Gower 'll kneel when he beholds thee!"

"Our me no ours, sir!" returned Peggy. "Let's here and now make an end on't all. You go pound the roads after your new mistress with her acres and notes, and I"—

"Well, you what?" asks the young man impetuously and yet with a certain grave dignity.

"Oh, I'll acquit myself to a certainty with one that's faithful as the sun and gallant from his head to his heels."

"What's his name?" inquires Sir Percy in a hard, strained voice. "If he's a better man, Peg, and you can say you love him—God keep me!"

"His name's a very honorable and ancient one. He's Sir Robin McTart, twenty-third baronet."

"Peggy!"

If a thunderbolt had fallen betwixt Peggy's red shoes and his brown ones Percy could not have been more astounded.

"Well, sir?" returns she, scarce controlling the twitching of her lips.

"'A milksop, molly coddle! Oh, Peggy, an you drop me, take a better man! Peg, you're a-joking. Not that bumpkin! I've never seen him, but report has it he's afeared if one of his own dogs looks him in the eye and bays!"

"Sir Percy, have you finished?" inquires Peggy, with dignity.

"No, have I not. By my soul, Peg, an you pitch me to blazes for that jackanapes, I'll go as fast as wine and dice and cards and brawls and usurers and all that sort of crew can carry me. I'll up to London, and one morning when your brother sends you word he's found me with a rapier stuck in my throat, my pockets empty and Peggy' writ on the scrap of paper a-lying over my heart, then you'll believe Percy loved you."

"Lud, sir, men are apt at such chatter, and a fortnight after the vicar's a-publishing their banns with the other lady."

(To be continued.)

THOUSANDS OF FAIR WOMEN HERALD PRAISES FOR PE-RU-NA.

[Catarrhal Dyspepsia and Nervous Prostration Makes Invalids of More Women Than all Other Diseases Combined.]

Mrs. Leone Dolchan.

Miss Louise Matt.

Miss Anna Prescott, in a letter from 216 South Seventh street, Minneapolis, Minn., writes:

"I was completely used up last fall, my appetite had failed and I felt weak and tired all the time. I took Peruna for five weeks, and am glad to say that I am completely restored to health."—Anna Prescott.

Mrs. Leone Dolchan, in a letter from the Commercial Hotel, Minneapolis, Minn., writes:

"For two months my physician experimented with me trying to cure a hard cold which settled in my stomach, causing inflammation and catarrh. I have now been well for six months, and I give all the credit to Peruna." — Mrs. Leone Dolchan.

Peruna will be found to effect an immediate and lasting cure in all cases of systemic catarrh. It acts quickly and beneficially on the diseased mucous membranes, and with healthy mucous membranes the catarrh can no longer exist.

Miss Louise Matt, 1259 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill., writes:

"Peruna is a most wonderful medicine for catarrhal and stomach troubles.

"I suffered so long with indigestion and dyspepsia, and tried many things to cure me, without relief. I finally bought a bottle of Peruna and in just six weeks I was entirely rid of my stomach trouble."—Louise Matt.

A Letter From Mrs. Senator Warren.

The following letter is from the wife of late Governor and now U. S. Senator, F. E. Warren of Wyoming:

"I am constantly troubled with colds, cough, etc., but thanks to your good medicine, Peruna, I always find a prompt cure."—Mrs. F. E. Warren.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

WHAT THE DOCTOR DOES.

The first thing the doctor does when he is called to see a fretting, worrying baby is to give it a medicine to move the bowels and sweeten the stomach. The doctor knows that nine-tenths of the troubles affecting babies and young children are due to irritation of the stomach or bowels, and that when the cause is removed the child is well and happy. Baby's Own Tablets are an always-at-hand doctor, and promptly cure all the minor ills of little ones. They contain no poisonous "soothing" stuff, and may be given with safety to the tenderest infant or the well grown child. Mrs. J. Overand, Elsworth Station, Ont., says: "My little one was much troubled with indigestion, and Baby's Own Tablets gave immediate relief. I have found the Tablets the most satisfactory medicine I have ever used for children." Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box, by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.